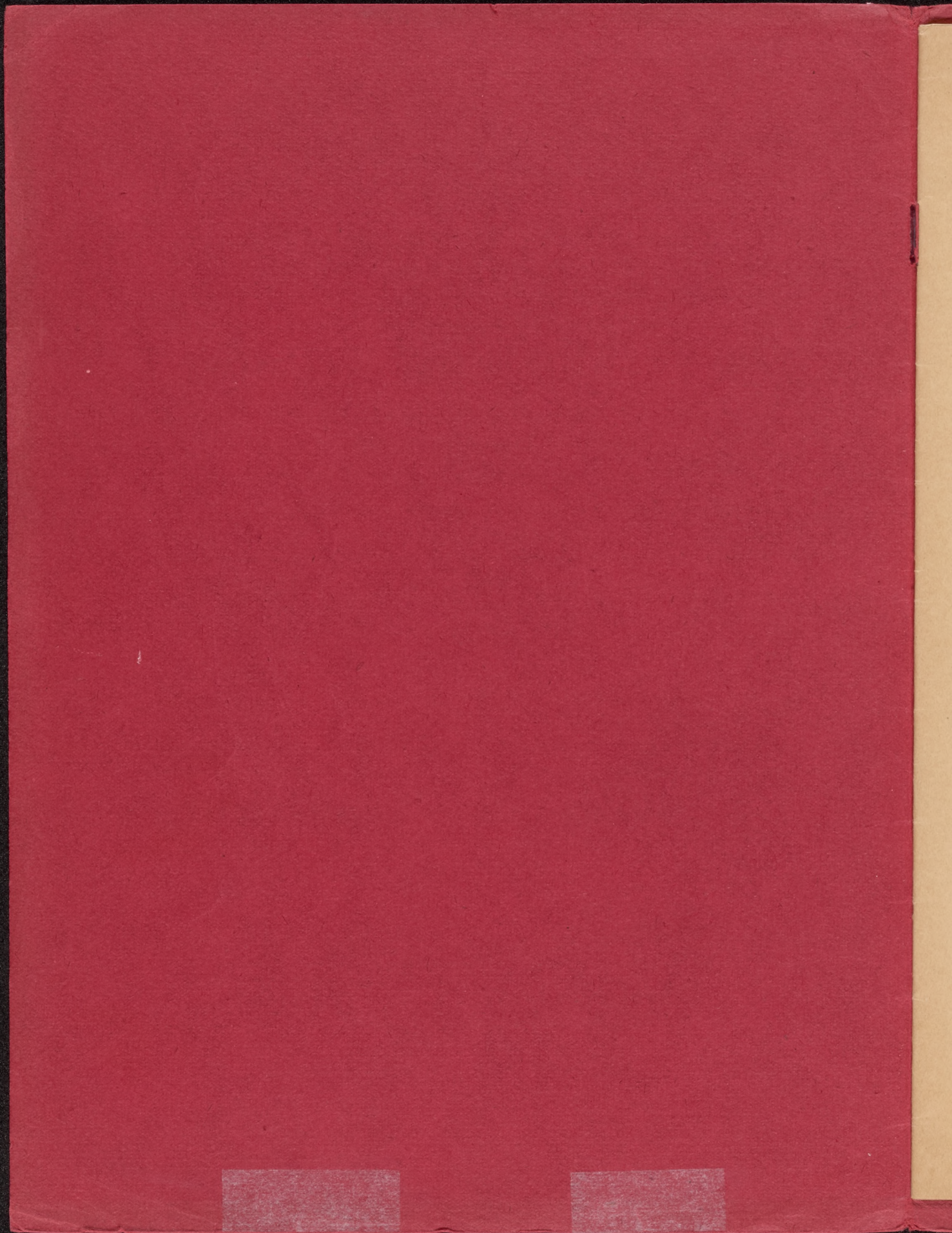


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JANUARY 1908



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Table of Contents

A Thanksgiving Story	- - - - -	5
Agnes' Home-Coming	- - - - -	7
For Old Times Sake	- - - - -	9
Editorial	- - - - -	10
Organizations	- - - - -	11
School Notes	- - - - -	11
Athletics	- - - - -	12
Social Notes	- - - - -	13
Alumni Notes	- - - - -	14
Exchange Notes	- - - - -	15
Wise and Otherwise	- - - - -	16

The Sotoyoman



VOL. III

HEALDSBURG, CAL., JANUARY, 1908

NO. 4

A Thanksgiving Story.

DAVID GROVE, '09

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a bright autumn day. The students of the Egberts Academy for boys were just being dismissed. Two boys, whose names were Harry and Louie, were discussing two other boys, who were standing at a little distance off. "Whenever you see Sam and Bee standing and talking so close together so much, you may be sure there is going to be something doing," said the taller of the two boys, nicknamed Punk.

"Sure thing," agreed the other; "wonder when they will let us into the secret."

They had not long to wait. Soon the two boys approached them.

"Well, what is it now," asked Punk; "are we going to put the professor's calf in the schoolroom, or break into the kitchen?"

"Naw," answered Bee scornfully, "none of your little things. Don't you know what to-morrow is?"

"Yes," answered Punk, "to-morrow is Thanksgiving, but what has that got to do with it?"

"Well, what have you got to be thankful for?"

"Let me see," began Punk, counting on his fingers, "the Prof. says we ought to be thankful to be living, to go to such a fine school."

"Oh, shut up," interrupted Bee, "you ain't got nothing to be thankful for, and our purpose is to do something that we can be thankful for as long as we live. Come over to the spring and we will tell you and Shorty all about it."

So all four set out toward the spring. It was about a quarter of a mile away, was called "Bee's spring" in honor of its discoverer, and was known only to the four boys. When they reached the place, they all sat down on a fallen log and after looking cautiously around Bee unfolded their plans.

"Bully," said Punk when he had finished; "nothing ever like it before in the history of the school"

But don't you think we might get caught," feebly suggested Shorty.

"That is just like you," exclaimed Bee, contemptuously; "always afraid of somp'n. If you are scared to go, we will get Homer Allen, he ain't afraid."

"Oh, I was not afraid," hastily replied Shorty, "only it would be rather hard on us if we were caught."

"Get caught nothing," snorted Bee; "we will not go till after twelve o'clock and then the Prof. will be snoring so loud that you can hear him all over the campus. You know where they roost, don't you? Right on the peak of the hen house. It's rather high, but I know where there is a ladder; two of us had better go up and get him and the other two stay down below and keep guard."

"Who'll go up?" asked Punk.

"Well, let me see, I had better go up, because I am the tallest and can reach farthest. Punk, you are next in size and can help me, and Sam and

THE SOTOYOMAN

Shorty can hold the ladder and keep a lookout for the dog."

"Well, do you all saby?" queried Bee, reviewing their plans, "collect about midnight; no talking; go in single file, myself first, Punk second, then Sam, then Shorty. Go through the lot into the back yard, put up the ladder and pull him off; stick him into a sack and scoot over the fence an' home. Then to-morrow we can cook it here in the old wash boiler Sam found; easy enough, aint it?"

"Its just as easy, as easy" all chorused.

Near the hour of midnight four dark figures stood in front of President Lowington's side gate. The house stood dark and forbidding behind its screen of oaks. Here and there a dark blotch in the sky showed where another house of the village stood. Far down the street a light gleamed like a star in the darkness. The four figures stood silent, half afraid of the weird noises of the night.

Finally the tall figure in advance took count of the others and motioning for them to follow him, led the way stealthily to the barnyard. Then he squeezed through a space between the pickets and waited for the others. His companion tried the same place but being too fat, he was forced, with much ado, to climb over. The cattle arose in alarm and moved to the other end of the corral from the intruders. Then they passed through a gate into the chicken yard. The chicken house stood a few yards away from President Lowington's kitchen. They moved quickly toward it. By the dim light of the stars they could see the row of turkeys on the edge of the roof. After much trouble they found the ladder and set it up. It was about fifteen feet to the eaves, and they had to stand the ladder almost straight to reach. Sam and Shorty held the ladder, and the others ascended. Bee went up first. There was an uneasy movement among the fowls inside, but the dark line on top did not move. When Bee had disappeared on the roof above, Punk began to ascend. He was very awkward, and at the top he paused to see Bee pulling his long body up the steep roof, approaching stealthily the sleeping turkeys. He was already within two feet of the big gobbler, which was the game they had come after. As Punk was about to pull himself up on the roof, his coat pocket somehow caught on a protruding shingle, pulling it off with a great noise. The chickens inside set up a great clatter, and the turkey nearest Bee, discovering him, flut-treed off into the darkness. The noise aroused the dog, who rushed out, barking furiously. Sam and Shorty rushed into the chicken house and crouched in a corner. The ladder fell with a clat-

ter to the ground, and the dog discovering Punk, who was slipping down the roof, began to bark louder than ever. Punk was unable to check himself, and fell into the yawning jaws of the dog. Fortunately, the ground where he fell was soft, and the dog, being almost as scared as he was, retreated to the house. Picking himself up, Punk fled through the gate, over the fence, and down the lane, leaving his companions to their fate.

Bee, hearing the excitement below, scrambled up to the top of the roof, scattering the turkeys in all directions. But a more formidable enemy than the dog was now at hand. Professor Lowington, aroused by the noise, came out with a lantern in his hand. He stopped and bent thoughtfully over the ladder, and said: "Well, well; that is strange; I wonder how that ladder got there!" He passed around the house several times, and then looked inside. Seeming at length to be satisfied, he closed the door and fastened it on the outside. Then with a final look on the roof, he went back into the house.

Bee lay stretche out on the roof, and hearing his companions whispering below, he pulled off a loose shingle and called softly to them: "Hey, Sam, can't you get out?"

"No, the old fool has fastened us in. Can't you get down and let us out?"

"Nope, if I let go I would fall off. Work the latch and maybe you can undo it."

They worked for half an hour and then Shorty pleaded, "Please, Bee, jump down and let us out, you don't want us to stay all night in here with a lot of chickens, and get caught in the morning, do you?"

But no argument could induce Bee to jump down. At last, as the gray dawn began to appear, he could hold on no longer, and letting go, he rolled down the roof and to the ground below. He lay still for some time where he had fallen, and then, after feeling his bruises, got up and opened the door and let out his companions.

"You are just in time," said Shorty, "I'm frozen to death. Did you fall," he said, seeing the rueful figure of Bee

"Fall!" cried Bee, "didn't you hear me. It's twenty feet high, and I've broken a bone in both legs." Just then a stir was heard in the professor's house and forgetting their lame condition, all three fled over the fence and down the lane, Bee and Sam in the lead and Shorty waddling desperately after them. Professor Lowington saw them from the window and that afternoon they were given what was generally given to offenders in that school, and what made it worse it was that Punk didn't get a caning.

Agnes' Home Coming

BERTHA MEYER

Agnes Barlow sat by the window in a little cottage on the outskirts of the city of Naples. It was already early in November, but the climate in Italy was still warm. The skies above her were of the beautiful blue so characteristic of Naples. The birds were singing close beside her and the whole garden was filled with flowers. Little children played in the yards, talking gayly in their musical language and everything seemed to be happy. But Agnes was not. She looked far, far beyond the city. She gazed way over to where the ocean gleamed in the sun. She was tired of the warmth and continual sunshine of Italy. Just now she could see many thousand miles away where her home was. She longed to be once more in America, up in the mountains of Oregon. The sun did not shine there all day long as it did in Italy, and while here the wind barely stirred the leaves on the trees, there it whistled and howled among the canons and mountains. Here the people seemed to have hardly energy enough to work, and they didn't exert themselves if it wasn't absolutely necessary. But at home, now, no one was in the house unless they were rich. The snow was just beginning to fall, and everyone was having their first taste of winter. The girls with their warm red and blue cloaks and the boys, also, with caps pulled down over their ears, were outside snow-balling each other. Agnes made up her mind that she must be home for Thanksgiving day.

Agnes had come to Italy early in the spring. She had been very ill the winter before, and as she also wished to finish her education, she had taken the voyage. While walking in the city of Naples one day, she had attempted to cross a crowded street, and had been thrown by an approaching horse. Her arm was broken in two places and her ankle also seriously hurt. So she had been kept in Naples until able to walk about once more.

On this bright and sunny day, she had received a letter from her friend at home. It was filled with news of home and told of glorious times that always preceded Thanksgiving day. Agnes could not bear to spend that day alone. The Italians would pay no attention to it at all. Of course they hardly knew there was such a day to be celebrated.

Agnes now became thoroughly homesick. Vis-

ions arose before her eyes of a bountiful table spread with all the beautifully prepared dishes. When she thought of them all seated around the table, father, mother, brothers and sisters, she almost sobbed aloud. There would be one place less than last year. She wondered if they would think of her. At last she could think of it no longer.

She tried to imagine how it would be if she were there. Then pretty soon came the thought, why couldn't she go home; her foot was well enough now. Yes, she would do it. She would go home and surprise the dear folks even as they sat at their dinner. When she had thus made up her mind she immediately set about getting ready. She ran lightly to her room and began to gather things into a heap before she thought that there were other things to do first.

At last Agnes was ready to start off from Italy.

She was already standing on the deck of the outgoing steamer, bidding farewell to her Italian friends. A few tears would arise as she thought of the pleasant times she had had there; but all sad memories were quickly finished when the thought came that she was going home. She did not mind the sunshine now, it gave her no dissatisfied feelings. The big ship also seemed to be so eager to get to America. It started with a bound as the anchor was weighed and settled into a steady run straight out to sea.

After nine days of sailing the ship came in sight of New York harbor. The days had not dragged as Agnes had expected. She was rather surprised as she caught sight of the big statue of Liberty. She hung onto the rail with both hands, and hugged the ropes so tightly that her hands ached long after. Soon the shore became clearer. There were crowds and crowds of people standing on the pier waving their hats and handkerchiefs. Agnes' heart rose in her throat and she had hard work to keep from jumping up and down on the deck.

At last she was off the ship and clasped closely in her uncle's arms. She had written to her uncle in New York that she was coming and he had met her. Her uncle got her trunk and boxes from the inspectors and they were soon whirled away in a carriage to her aunt and cousins. Agnes arranged her stay in New York so that she would arrive at

THE SOTOYOMAN

home exactly on Thanksgiving day. This gave her only two days to spend with her relatives. She spent one day in buying little remembrances for her dear ones and the other passed quickly in riding around and seeing the sights. She never remembered exactly what she did that day. When she thought of it afterwards it was all a hazy picture, with people, wagons, trains, and big houses all covered with snow. She never totally forgot that delightful day, passed in the congenial company of her uncle and cousins.

At last she was on the train. She settled back in her chair and rested. She thought of how she had been whirled down to the depot amid the swiftly falling snow, and quickly helped on the train. Then the train had pulled out of the station and was bringing her nearer home every minute.

Agnes feasted her eyes to her heart's content. As she crossed the Rocky mountains, she saw the most beautiful sights eyes ever beheld. When the snow was not falling and thus obstructing the view she saw the highest mountains and deepest canyons she had ever imagined. Of course she had seen them all before, but now they were covered with snow, and in the places where the sun shone through the clouds it glittered like tinsel and showed all the colors of the rainbow.

In a city about fifty miles from her home she changed trains for the last time. The country was becoming very familiar to her now. She passed through several little towns in which she knew many people. Those that happened to be at the stations were so surprised to see her, and the glad welcomes they expressed made her feel very happy and that life was well worth living.

The cars were filled with many people all going to friends to eat their Thanksgiving dinner. At last, when they neared Agnes' home town she leaned far back in her seat and became very much absorbed in a large newspaper. Or at least so it appeared to the people in the same car. She was in reality watching the houses and trees and everything that she knew so well. She passed the grove where they used to have their picnics, and they also flew by the old school house where Agnes had spent her youthful days. Once the tears rose in her eyes. She saw on the distance the high cliff which loomed up behind the town. About a year before she had gone to Italy, Agnes and her dearest little friend were playing on that high cliff and her little friend had fallen down that cliff and been crippled for life. She could not yet think of that terrible accident without weeping. At last the train slowed up and ran smoothly under the little

shed by the station. Agnes pulled her veil over her face, and went quickly outside and immediately walked away in the opposite direction from home. It was not yet time to surprise the folks at dinner and it would spoil everything if she went home now. At every corner she met some of her old friends, but they were either too intent on finding their friends or did not recognize the jolly Agnes Barlow of former days in this neat little lady waking along as if she really knew where she was going. Finally she thought it was about time to go home. How quickly her heart was beating, and what hard work it was to keep from running along and rushing into the house. As she turned the corner of the street she saw her little brother hanging on the gate. When he saw her he immediately seemed to know who it was and jumping from the gate he rushed down the street and gave her a mighty hug. She quieted his shouts of joy as best she could, although she felt like doing it herself, and together they ran to the house.

As they got to the porch the door opened and her brother-in-law stepped out. He stopped short on seeing her and opened his mouth once or twice and at last managed to utter, "Well, I'll be hanged, mother, come here!"

Before mother came, her sister came running around the porch and with a surprised ejaculation, fell to hugging and kissing her. Then Agnes forgot what happened. She was pulled this way and that, some laughing, others with tears running from their eyes. Her mother said nothing, but that close embrace and the glad light in her eyes showed that her welcome was by far not the least warm. Questions upon questions were piled upon her, but she could answer none. Everyone was so glad to have their dear sister back. Then Agnes was carried off to her old room and prepared for dinner. It was so good to be back home once more. As she descended the stairs she heard the bell outside ringing, announcing the dinner hour.

After she had greeted the dogs and cats and the rest of the animals around home they all sat down for dinner. It was the happiest day of Agnes' whole life. The family party was complete and everyone was happy. When all had done justice to the meal they went into the warm parlor. Every one was anxious to hear Agnes' story. She sat on her father's knee with her arm around his neck while she related all her experiences.

That afternoon Agnes went sleigh-riding and skating. She met all her friends and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She never regretted that she had left warm and sunny Naples and come to the cold frosty country in Oregon. It was home, so Agnes was well satisfied.

For Old Times' Sake

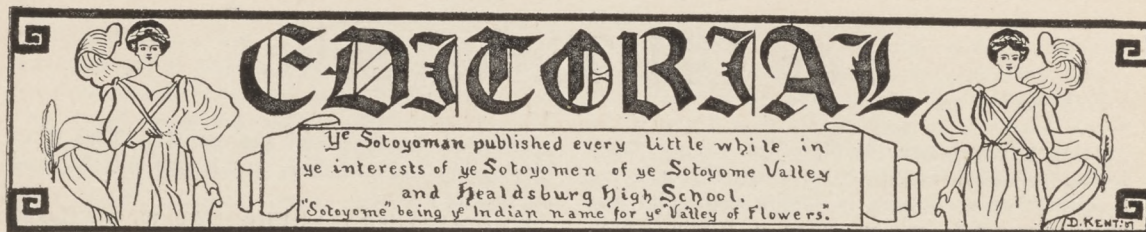
Extract from letter by Miss Veta Adams, from Delta, Colorado, on November 18th: We left the Oakland Pier at 4:30 p. m. Wednesday. Our car was not crowded, and we were a happy family. We reached Sacramento about 10:30 p. m. We had all gone to bed, but my berth happened to be on the side of the depot, so I saw a wee bit of the city. About 2 a. m. we were awakened by the girl in the next berth to us screaming for help. Papa flew to her and she said an old man from one of the neighboring berths had tried to strangle her. Papa had the detectives put on him. She was the sweetest girl, from Tennessee. She had quite a number of diamonds and we think he was after them. When we woke up at 6:30, we were on the summit of the Sierras, and the scenery was simply grand. That was the last beautiful scenery that I have seen. At seven, we were at Donner Lake. We stayed there for about an hour, and I got a good chance to view the lake, and to see where the Donner party perished. There was some snow on the mountains, but not much. The descent was beautiful, and we enjoyed it immensely.

We rode along the edge of the Truckee river nearly all morning. It is a shallow little stream, but a rough one. It supplies a great deal of water power. We reached Reno about 9 a. m. and there I mailed my first postals home—I mean to Healdsburg. I feel just like a child turned out of home and forced to call any place home. Our train didn't stay long in Reno but long enough.

From this on until Friday morning we saw nothing but desert, and plenty of it. Friday morning we certainly enjoyed a treat. We saw the sunrise on the Great Salt Lake. We crossed it on the Lucin cut-off. It has only recently been completed. I don't know just how far it is across, but I understood it to be sixty miles. It took us two hours to cross. It is just like being out in the ocean on the cars. The water is of the deepest blue, and in many directions one cannot see land. We took breakfast at Ogden and stayed in that city until 1 p. m. Ogden is a beautiful city, situated in a most picturesque place. It is located or appears to be under a very high snow-capped mountain. In reality, the mountain is two miles away. We, Gladys and I, rode on the observation car from Ogden to Salt Lake City. The country through there is a

great stock country, and very pretty. They were cutting hay in November, and it was only five and six dollars a ton.

We reached Salt Lake City at 2 p. m. and stayed until 6 p. m. Here is where we had our good time. I saw all the things Miss Cornish used to tell us about—all but the poet's corner. First we visited the Tabernacle. There isn't a nail in the entire building. Nails were three hundred dollars a keg when it was built. The roof is held together by raw-hide bindings, invisible to the eye. The columns which support it, are around the outside, and are ten feet through. The pipe organ is a mammoth. I believe the guide said it was the fourth largest in the world. It is impossible to produce some of its tones. The reason for this is, it was made from scraps of lumber and unseasoned timber. The keyboard is twenty feet from the organ. We stood in the back of the gallery and heard a pin drop on the platform, 250 feet in front of us. We could not visit the Temple because private services are held in it daily, and only the best Mormons are allowed to enter it. The granite for it was hauled from a quarry near Salt Lake, and all the work was done by hand. It took one man one day to haul one of the blocks in. They have certainly accomplished wonders and are a marvel to the nation. Salt Lake is the most beautiful city in the United States, and is growing more beautiful all the time. It seems to be the ambition of the people to make it beautiful. It is laid out at right angles with the points of the compass, and is divided into wards. Each ward has a church with a bishop at the head. All the streets running east are paved, and the ones extending north and south have a space of 60 feet wide down the center reserved for parks. We took a carriage from the Temple and saw all the points of interest and had them explained to us. We saw the cottage where Brigham Young's seventeenth and favorite wife lives. We saw the first hotel, built in 1851. Next was a little log cabin, the birthplace of Maud Adams, the actress. We also saw the old school house where Maud and her mother went to school and the theatre where she first appeared. Very frequently we saw houses built in sections for different wives. We saw the first house built in Utah—a log cabin. It certainly was a quaint old land-mark. It belonged to a man



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We, the Juniors, at the request of the official editor, have undertaken the responsibility of editing the January or "Junior" number of the Sotoyoman. We considered this request as a class and decided to undertake the herculean task, both to gain experience that we may be able successfully to continue the good work of the present staff, and to show the public our ability as a class. We hope that under the circumstances our efforts will be appreciated.

Christmas has passed and the New Year is with us again. Last year at this time we looked out upon the New Year as a land of hope, in which there were opportunities innumerable. We looked back upon the past and saw room for improvement on all sides. Thereupon we resolved to make those improvements. In our school work, in our athletics and in all our daily life we saw those defects and made solemn resolutions. Now we can look back on those old days and see how very few of those resolutions we have kept. There are some who, seeing their failure, consider it useless to start out again, only to fail as they have failed be-

fore, whereas others will look at the situation in the right way, and recognize their improvement, even if very little. This will give them encouragement for the coming year and they will enter upon this unit of time with renewed energy and an eye for success. For instance, in entering upon the subject of our school life: Of course we know that our future success depends upon our youthful training. Our youthful training is gained at school. And the proper training depends upon the teachers. If a teacher makes a subject interesting we make a success of that study. If all our subjects are made interesting and hence a success, we enter upon life with perfect confidence of succeeding as we have done in school days. Therefore, in making our New Years' resolutions we should resolve to abide by the teacher's instructions that we may succeed. Following this subject up, we should strive for success in all school activities. In the latter part of '07 two clubs were organized, one a debating club, and the other dramatic. These must be a success and we must make them such, otherwise our failure would mark a deficiency in training, and as our teachers help us, so must we help them by holding up the reputation of the school. The above-mentioned debating and dramatic clubs were not organized for the purpose of developing theatrical stars or debating champions, but for the discovering of talent, to give us a perfect confidence in our ability and determination for victory. Then let all lend their unwavering support to this one great object, victory. With this aim in view, we wish to extend in our edition of the Sotoyoman best wishes for a happy and successful New Year to all our readers.

J. L., '09 (as Miss L. puts the English examination question on the board)—Now I lay me down to sleep, I hope to die before I wake, if this exam. I have to take.

Will Luce, '02, has a very responsible position in San Francisco. He has studied civil engineering and now has supervision over the erection of one of the largest buildings in San Francisco.

Organizations

DEBATING CLUB

Our Debating Club is steadily progressing, and we expect soon to compete with different high schools in our county. When we have had enough practice we will have a try out for the team. Then we will secure debates with the neighboring high schools. Last year Cloverdale and Petaluma high schools were very anxious to debate with us, but we did not have a team. This year we hope to satisfy their desire. Few Freshmen belong to our society, and we would like to see them make an effort, for there is good material in that class. Tuesday, December 17th, the first meeting of this semester was held in the assembly hall. At this first meeting a mock trial was held, which afforded much amusement as well as instruction to the students. Royal Vitousek acted as judge, Dallas Wagers represented the defense and Floyd Bailey acted for the prosecution. Edward Beeson was the sheriff and Renaldo Jeffrey was the prisoner, who was charged with an attempt to kill Homer Coolidge. Six jurymen were chosen. The witnesses were heard by both lawyers. At last the jury gave their verdict, "not guilty". This was followed by

a motion to adjourn which was carried. The next meeting was called for after the holidays. The subject for debate was not decided.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The dramatic Society has started out well, with over thirty members enrolled. All are anxious to improve the society to the extent of their ability. It was organized for the purpose of improving and aiding the students to gain ease of speech and self-control. There is very good material among us for musical, instrumental and vocal, and dramatic recitals. The first meeting was held on December 17th in the assembly hall. The program prepared was as follows: Instrumental duet, Una Williams and Jessie Boss; vocal solo, Edwin Kent; instrumental solo, Edith Passalacqua; selection by quartet, Ray Welch, Homer Coolidge, Herbert Amesbury, Chester Ferguson; instrumental solo, Geneva Gladden; selection by quartet.

The result of this meeting proves that though lacking in experience, we have ability and our hopes for success are well founded. The next meeting will take place soon.



School Notes

The Misses Meyer and Leddy returned from their vacations in Santa Rosa January 5th.

Miss Chapin returned from Berkeley January 4, after spending the holidays there.

Newton Kinley of Santa Rosa attended the Senior dance on New Year's Eve.

Lewis Green spent vacation in Lakeport and Kelseyville.

Dahlia Hopman, a former member of the '10 class, visited here during the last week of school. Her many ferriends were glad to see her.

Melville McDonough was absent several days on account of sickness.

Una Williams visited in Hopland during the holidays.

Alvin Stern was up from the city to spend the holidays with relatives.

Quite a number of the freshmen have been detained at home on account of sickness. Among them were, Clara Moody, Charles Phillips, Lela Yarbrough, Leona Weil and Joe Thompson.

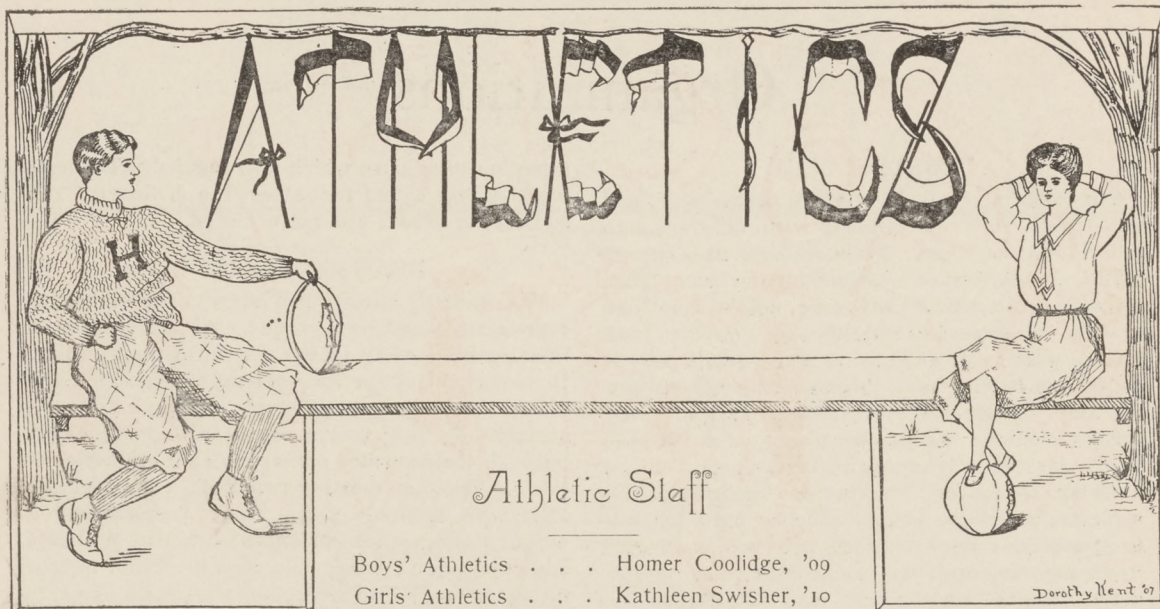
A number of the teachers of the High School and Grammar School left the Saturday after school closed for Christmas visits.

Ora and Crittie Young spent Christmas in Santa Rosa.

Edith Field visited in Berkeley last month.

Constance Cooke spent a few days in Santa Rosa during vacation.

Renaldo Jeffrey and Albert Simrack were in Cloverdale during the holidays.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Another victory crowns the Healdsburg High School. This makes the fourth victory out of five games played this season. On Friday evening the girls of the Cogswell High School of San Francisco arrived in Healdsburg with the spirit of winning another game. The girls were met by Miss Addie Crispin and escorted to the Hotel Sotoyome, where they rested until time set for the game. The Cogswell team have won many victories this year, not losing one game until they played with our team. The Healdsburg girls were very faithful in practicing previous to the game, which brought them a decided victory. The game was very exciting from

start to finish, and was played with a spirit of winning by both teams. The game ended with a score of 7-13. The line-up was follows:

Healdsburg—Aubrey Butler, Kathleen Swisher, goalers; Bera Mothorn, Audrey Walters, guards; Gertrude Fields, Una Williams (touch), Elva Beeson and Gertrude Long, centers.

Cogswell—Vivian Fox, Alma Pennington, goals; Ernestine Windhovel, McVicker Tibbits, guards; May Frye (manager), Marguerite Doolittle, Sadie Foster, centers; Charlotte Lewis, Ida Day, substitutes; Miss E. Grinnell, Edith Krause, Mrs. G. Miller (chaperone), officials.



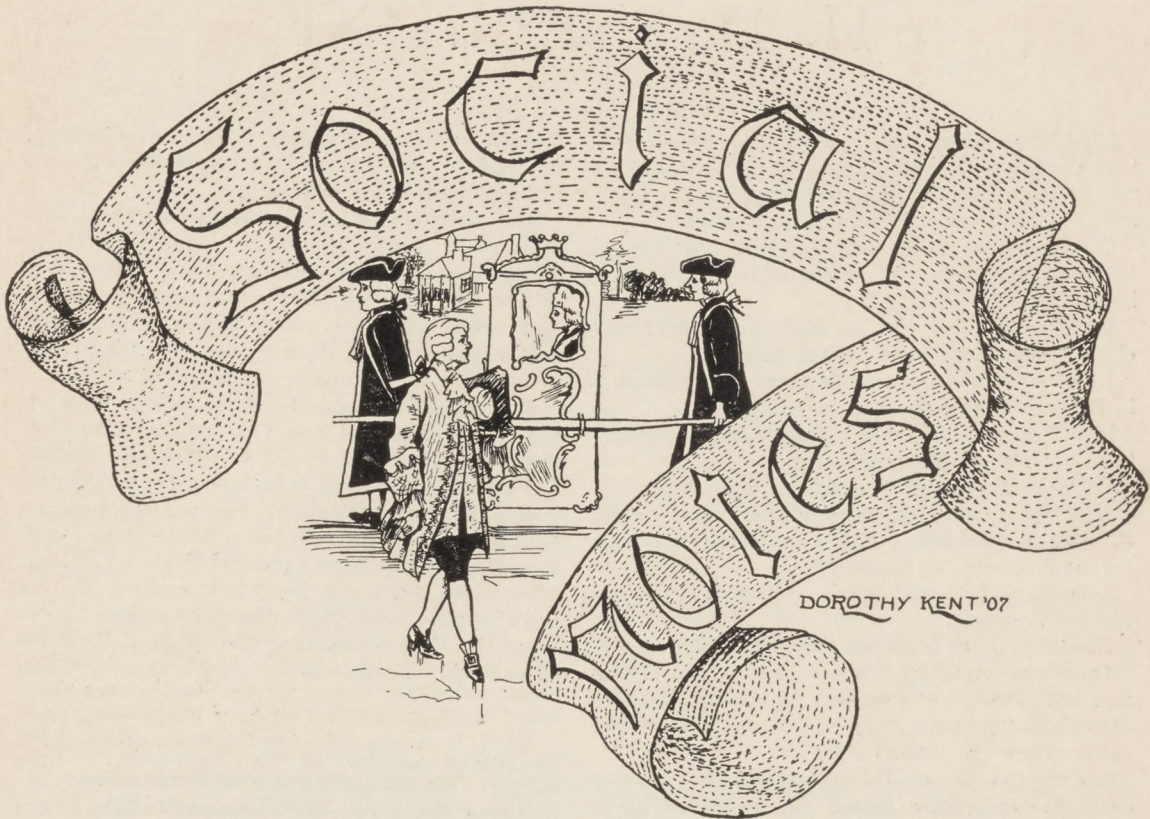
NEW ADDITIONS TO THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

"Double Trouble," The Freshmen; "Extra Dry," Latin; "A Little Nonsense," The Dignified Seniors; "The Idlers," Ray W. and Bertha H.; "The House of Mirth," Assembly Hall; "The Incubator Baby," Albert Z.; "On Common Ground," The Campus; "On the Field of Glory," The Basket Ball Team; "The Boss," Jessie B.; "My Lady Laughter," Addie C.; "The Two Captains," Kathleen S. and Ed B.; "Journey's End," Graduation; "Popular Tales," Tardy Marks; "The Enchanting Typewriter," Theo B.; "Unconscious

Comedian," Harry M.; "The Talk of the Town," Senior Leap Year Ball; "Fairy Land of Science," The Lab.; "Bits of Gossip," Notes in the Study Hall.

Teacher cranky,
Pupils few;
Questions flying,
Zeros, too.
What's the matter?
Don't you know?
Monday morning,
Always so.

—Ex.



WHIST PARTY

A very enjoyable evening was spent recently by the following as the guests of Kathleen Swisher at her beautiful home on Johnson street: Audry Walters, Una Williams, Addie Crispin, Helen Jones, Gertrude Bush, Elva Beeson, Theo Brown, Ralph Williams, Dallas Wagers, Herbert Amesbury, Melville McDonough, Floyd Bailey, Alvin Stern, Edward Beeson, Homer Coolidge, Chester Ferguson. The time was passed in playing whist and dancing, and delicious refreshments were served. The first prizes were carried off by Helen Jones and Ralph Williams; the booby prizes fell to Theo Brown and Dallas Wagers.

The Seniors tendered the High School and their friends a social dance at Fox's Hall on New Year's Eve. The hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens and palms. Great festoons of ivy were hung from different places to the center. Midst palms and ivy stood a small booth, where punch was served. The grand march was led by Addie

Crispin and Dallas Wagers. Many pleasant dances followed. After twelve o'clock the ladies had the pleasure of asking the gentlemen for the dances. They imitated the boys very successfully. Programs in the class colors—red and white—were given out, and the Seniors should be congratulated on the excellent manner in which each feature of the evening was carried out. Considering the condition of the weather, a large number were present. On the whole it was a most successful affair.

Rodney McClure, '07, has been doing noteworthy work since he left school. He went to San Francisco several weeks ago and accepted a position as floor walker for the firm of S. N. Wood & Co., but after two days of hard work was raised to the position of clerk at the business quarters of Hale Bros.

Stella Lufkin spent Christmas holidays in Sacramento with her brother and sister.

Harry Madeira was absent one day in the last week before the holidays owing to a serious toothache.

H. H. S. ALUMNI

Miss Sarah Grove, '05, was among those who took the teachers' examination in Santa Rosa the first of the month. Miss Grove passed with a good standing and soon intends to begin teaching.

Cleveland Wisecarver, '05, Thurman Wisecarver, '06, and Ariel Will, '05, spent their vacations at home.

Ella Bartlett, '04, now enrolled at the San Francisco Normal, was home for the holidays.

Ethel White and Antoinette Luce, '05, graduated in December from the San Jose Normal.

Miss Ada York, '01, has returned from Oakland to reside here with her parents.

Ethel Ferguson, '06, has entered S. R. B. C.

Victor Burnham, '03, since graduation from U. C. has a responsible position with the Southern Pacific Company, at Watsonville.

Jesse Skee, '07, has recovered from a severe attack of la grippe.

Nina Luce, '06, is taking the commercial course.

On Friday evening, January 10th, Ethel Ferguson, '06, entertained a number of her friends at an enjoyable "at home," at which she proved her ability as an exceptional hostess.

We are glad to note Julian Rosenberg's ('94) success. He creditably passed the examinations at Sacramento and is now a fully qualified lawyer.

He will remain in Attorney E. M. Norton's office. In common with all the H. H. S. students the Sotoyoman wishes him success.

The marriage of Minnie Weideman, '99, took place a few weeks ago. The groom was Harry Mitchell, a dealer in cement. They left on the 15th of December for their honeymoon trip and on their return intend to reside in Healdsburg. Our best wishes are with them and we hope that happiness will be characteristic of their wedded life.

A. Russell Gallaway, '03, spent several days between Christmas and New Year at home. Mr. Gallaway was married on New Year's day to Miss Lilla Ware. It was all because neither of the parties could resist "Cupid's" commands. It was a very pretty wedding ceremony which occurred at the home of Miss Ware's parents at eleven o'clock, after which a splendid breakfast was served. On the afternoon train they departed for their honeymoon trip. The contracting parties are well known throughout Sonoma county and the Sotoyoman unites with their many friends and wishes them long, happy and prosperous lives together.

Mr. J. D. Silvia, '92, some time ago accepted the position as principal of the school at Bodie, Inyo county. We are pleased to hear of his success.

Homer Hotchkiss, '98, has returned from Africa and is now in Nevada.

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Complete line of Gent's Furnishings,
Hats and Caps, Suit Cases and Grips
Let us take your measure for a suit
We are agents for the Royal Tailors
located at Chicago and New York

SHERRIFFS & SCOTT
GENTS' OUTFITTERS



EXCHANGE NOTES.



THE TIGER of Lick still maintains its usual high standard. The cover design is very well drawn and effective.

The story of "The Debtors," in the Thanksgiving number of the RECORD, Wheeling High School, is very well written. Your "josh" column would be improved if more of the jokes were original.

The exchange column of THE MANZANITA is a credit to that paper. The poem entitled "The Seniors" shows that no mistake was made when you selected your staff poet. We hope to receive your paper every month.

The AEGIS of Oakland High School is one of our best exchanges for this month. The athletic notes are written up in good style. It is a good plan to change the shape of your paper at times, as for this number. The story of the "Lady Mine" is intensely interesting.

The K. H. S. ENTERPRISE of Keene High

School is the first exchange upon our list. Your paper is very small, but we presume that this fault will be done away with, now that you are in a better financial condition. We think it would be better to give your only story the first place in your magazine. The headings are very neatly gotten up.

We have indirectly received THE SEA URCHIN, of Pacific Grove High School. Yours is a neat little paper, but would be greatly improved if you would keep your advertisements at the back. The stories are interesting, but there is a lack of originality in your "josh" department.

We are glad to have THE ORESTIMBA on our exchange table this month. Considering the size of your school, the paper is excellent. Your paper would be improved by a few stories. There is also a total lack of department cuts. We wish you success in your future attempts.

Clearance Sale

Ladies' Waists
Furs
Neckwear
Kimonos
Belts
Sweaters, etc.

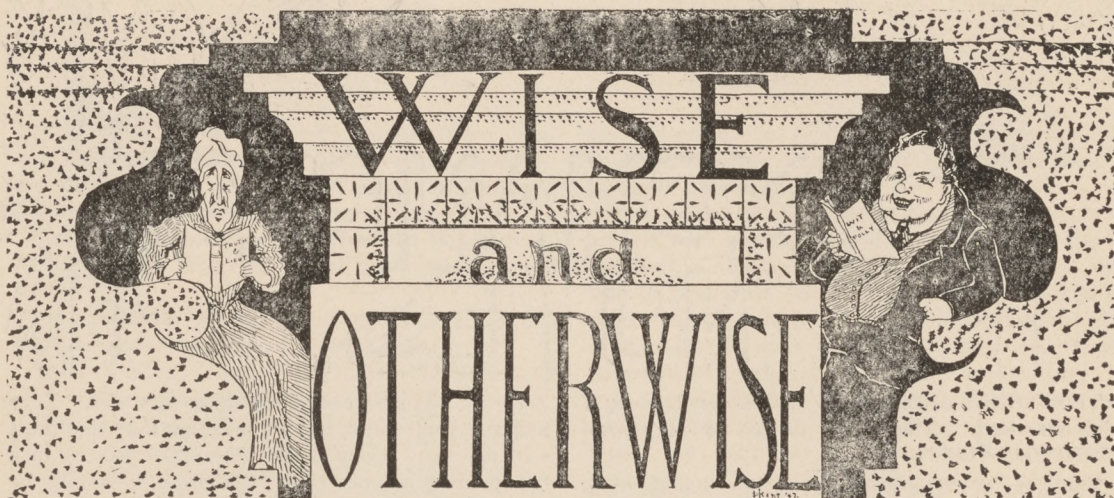
The Elite Toggery

LADIES' AND GENTS'
FURNISHINGS
AND
CLOTHING

Byington & Wilson

Big Reductions

Men's Hosiery
Underwear
Skirts
Suspenders
Suits and
Overcoats



Junior (to T. B. '08)—“Are you going to Texas?”
T. B.—“No, not if he comes back”.

Miss C.—Miss Fox, please give your tongue a rest. I know it must be tired.

Mr. H. (in fourth-year history)—All great generals have wide jaws and Roman noses.

R. F. '08—(looking around the class)—I don't see any around here.

What did F. Mc. do when the dancing teacher said she would hobble him out?

Mr. H. (in history class)—What was the result of the ‘Whiskey Rebellion’?

Class—An army was sent and it was put down.

S. L.—What was put down? the rebellion or the —?

Class—The whiskey.

Why is it that all the boys go around with ‘idler’ written in chalk on their backs? Who started it?

Mr. H. (to F. B. who was congratulating N. W. '09 by patting her on the back)—That may be nice but this is not the place for it.

F. B. wondered if Mr. H. though he had his arm around U. W.

Why did Dick look so scared when an orange rolled up the aisle.

Miss C. (in Junior Algebra class)—Mr. Madeira, you and I will have to hold extra sessions after school.

E. B. '09—(to H. M. '09)—May I go in your class?

Miss C. (angrily)—Get out pencil and paper, I believe we will have an examination.

What has only one foot?—A leg.

Professor H. (to A. G. B. who was waiting patiently for her turn at the desk)—What do you want?

G. B.—I want you.

T. B. '08—You can't have him, he is already taken.

Miss L.—Gertrude, when you read, please come to the front of the room.

G. F. '09 (audibly sighing)—Oh dear.

Mr. H.—Where does Homer Lund sit?

F. Y. '09—He sits in those two seats there.

Extract from one of Mr. Bull's suggestions for the betterment of the school: “Now, to illustrate what I mean, suppose one of you should go to a doctor for information in regard to your health, and you should tell him what he should do to you; what would he say? He would tell you to go to—some other place!”

The Juniors would like to know—

How Young, Ora, Fred and Helen are.

Whose Grove David is.

Whose Fox Beth is.

If Edwin lives in Kent.

If Gertrude is a Field.

If Jiran is Luce.

If Una is William's.

If Harry is My-deara.

If Theo is Brown.

If Eddie is a Bee's son.

THE SOTOYOMAN FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE

17

(Continued from page 9)

who later had 27 wives and 89 children. Each man had his land enclosed by a ten-foot stone wall. There are twenty-seven public schools in Salt Lake. We saw the Lion House, where Brigham lived with ten wives. Adjoining it was the Bee Hive house. Across from these was the Amelia Palace, a beautiful home for Brigham Young's favorite wife to entertain in. Across from this is the home of Ann Eliza Young, his nineteenth wife, who left him and lectured against polygamy. State street is the longest street—22 miles. We saw where Brigham Young is buried, with seven wives and a number of children. Lately the city has prohibited any more of the family being buried there. What interested me most was the big U on the side of the adobe hills to the East of the city; 400 of the boys from the University of Utah got together and spent a day in making it. It is dug out of the soil of the mountain and can be seen for twenty miles. It is twelve feet wide, ten feet deep and covers an acre of land. It is filled in with white cement. Salt Lake City can certainly boast of its fine homes, too. The City Hall and Court House is a beautiful

building, costing one million dollars. The post office looks much like the mint in San Francisco.

We left Salt Lake at 6 p. m., and at 8 a. m. we left all our new friends and changed cars at Grand Junction for Delta. We reached Delta at 11:30 a. m. Our ride from Grand Junction was interesting. We rode right along the Gunnison river way down in a big red-walled canyon. Well, Delta wasn't what we all expected. It's a terrible ugly place compared to Healdsburg, but it's booming. What makes we can't find out. There are sixty new houses going up in town and not one for rent. We looked all over the country and had made up our minds to return to California, when we found this place. Papa wants to buy it. We have 15 acres in North Delta, just across the Gunnison from Delta proper. It is in strawberries and apples. I started in at school today. Everything is the same but physics and I am one-half year ahead in that. There are just twenty-three in the class. They're nice to me and all that; but, oh girls, I want you all. I never knew how much I loved you before. Well, honies, give my love to everybody and do write quick.

The Man's Dressing Table



may not require the dainty equipment of my lady's boudoir but he likes to have every requisite for his personal comfort. And here is where he can get his supplies of the best quality at the least price. All Shaving and Toilet Articles, Bay Rum, Perfumery, Brushes, Manicure Sets, Mirrors, etc., are here in great profusion and variety. We positively guarantee purity of our Soaps, Scents, Powders, &c

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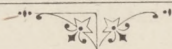
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SOTOYOME BARBER SHOP

SACRY & BLACK, Proprietors

SHOES THAT WEAR



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MELVILLE M. ROSENBERG'S SHOE STORE

Repairing Promptly Done

Next to Union Hotel

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Watches

Leading Jeweler

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Etc. Class Pins to order
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**Tamale and Oyster Suppers
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Hay, Grain, Wood, Etc., in the County

Center street, between Powell and North, opposite
Farmers and Mechanics New Bank

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ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING

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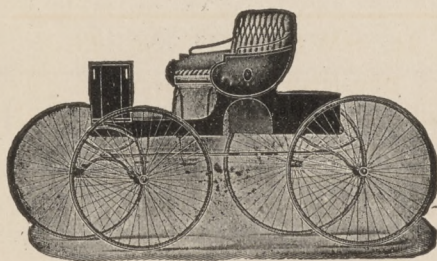
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Enquire of the Business Manager



Wire Wheel Buggies Always in stock

Two more carloads of BUGGIES received from the factory in Indiana on December 14th, making four carloads in three months.

The Auburn factory has no California branch. All other dealers have to buy through a Coast agent and pay this agency a commission. I buy and ship direct—no jobbers' profit at

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